

Little Lady

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Summary: A little vacation didn't harm anyone, right? Apparently not, seeing as I'm currently sitting with an Earl and his demon butler in London. Oh, by the way, did I mention Victorian Era? Yeah. Well, grab a snack and join me, will you? Sebastian X OC DISCLAIMER: I don't own anything but my OCs

Little Lady

Chapter 1: Murky Waters

* * *

><p>Hi there! This fanfiction's a Sebastian X OC...enjoy!

* * *

><p>I sat on the edge of the Amsterdam river, watching the sunset. It became a habit since I came here, and the looks from onlookers as they saw me perched over the waters soon faded. Sure, the water wasn't the cleanest, but it definitely beat sitting in the hotel room all day long doing nothing. Out here, I could read all the Kuroshitsuji books I wanted and enjoy the scenery!

See, that was how peaceful it was until that time a silver-haired stranger asked me for my name... now, grab a chair, and won't you sit down? Come along, will you, while I tell my story that may be quite lengthy...

It was like any normal day, and I was still balanced over the Amsterdam waters. It was all good. Then suddenly (and almost launching me off the pavement,) a man appeared out of nowhere and tapped me on my head. Turning around, I gave him a once-over. Black pants, long gray trench coat, and what I presumed was long silver hair tucked firmly under some sort of wrinkled top hat. He had a Cheshire smile on his face as he asked me, "My dear, do you happen to

be Josephine Louisa Cornette?

"Uh, no, Mr...Why?" I asked him skeptically. But that little question at the end was probably the biggest mistake of my life.

"I see. Then are you possibly Cassara Matthews?" the man asked again, completely ignoring my question. And as the stupid person I was, I effing nodded. Anyway, I must have surprised him, because his grin vanished and a small "o" replaced it. But then that again turned back into his original Cheshire grin as he pulled out a small book with a pink bookmark in it. He opened it, and removed the bookmark before carefully writing something in there.

"Ah, it's nothing, dearie. Have a nice trip!" he smiled as he patted my head once again and walked away. I was about to say something about how weird it was that he knew that I was on vacation. Suddenly, a harsh wind blew through the sunny spring day, startling me. I would've passed it off as nothing, except for a strong force from behind jerked me from behind, making me drop my Black Butler book. And topple forward, over the edge and into the waters of the Amsterdam River.

Then it all went black.

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><p>"Excuse me miss? Miss? Can you hear me, miss?" A voice made my eyes refocus from its blurry state.</p>

"Huh?" Whoever was speaking to me sighed, as I turned around to see the root of the startlingly silky voice.

"May I have your name, miss?"

Finally, I found him, and oh hell, was he gorgeous. Like really. And somehow...extremely familiar. He had silky black hair that framed his porcelain face. The face showed the slightest bit of concern as I blinked at him.

"M-my name's Cassara Matthews," I stuttered. Seriously, what was it today with random strangers asking me for my name and me answering them!

The black-clad man stood up from his crouched position next to the chair I was residing in.

"Miss Matthews, may I ask you why you were found unconscious on my young master's land?" he asked, pulling on his crisp white gloves a little.

"_Why? _Personally, I don't know either. All I remember is a creepy man aski-hey, wait, you said 'my young master,' right?" I said, perking up a little in my chair.

"Yes, I do believe so," the guy replied, "I would also kindly like to remind you that you are dressed in highly inappropriate clothing." I looked down at my leggings and t-shirt and rolled my eyes. I think I caught the guy's eyes darken a little at my dismissal.

"Can you take me to him? You know, your lord," I inquired, ignoring

his look.

He hesitated before nodding. "Please, miss, follow me. I shall lead you to Lord Phantomhive's office. I must apologize - the young master is quite busy these days, but I'm certain that he will be able to make time for you," he said as he started towards the door. He led me out of the strangely old fashioned room, out of a strangely old fashioned door, into a more strangely old fashioned hallway. Nothing had struck me as odd, until the man closed the door behind me. When he did, I caught a better sight of his eyes. They were red. Not like brownish-reddish-more-brownish-but-like-red, but like WINE red. Then this previous words came to mind. He said Phantomhive. I stopped, making the butler turn around.

"Yes, Miss?" he said.

"Did you say _Lord Phantomhive, _as in Ciel Phantomhive?" I asked, tilting my head.

He looked at me strangely and nodded.

I scoffed. Psh, yeah right. "Ciel Phantomhive. Earl of Phantomhive and Funtom?"

The man just nodded again, and this time, I could tell he wasn't lying. I said nothing and let him lead me to "Ciel's" study.

* * *

><p>When we finally arrived at the so called study, the man knocked before quietly opening the door.</p>

"After you," he said somewhat stoically. I did, and I was greeted with a young thirteen year old boy sitting at a desk covered with papers that he was looking through. Without looking up, he responded to my stare.

"Sebastian. Who's this?" he said. Jeez, this kid had some social eye contact problems...

The man, Sebastian closed the door and stepped in front of me to bow to the boy. Okay then.

"Young master," he replied. "This is Cassara Matthews." Finally, the boy looked from his work, and I quietly gasped. (Except for that the quiet gasp wasn't so quiet as the room was silent except for me, and thus the gasp clearly echoed.) Shaggy blue hair, and those infamous blue eye and eyepatch. Where had I seen this before?

This man, Sebastian, pulled up a chair for me to sit in.

"You're Ciel Phantomhive," I finally said, the fact dawning on me. Ciel Phantomhive. Sebastian saying "young master." It all made sense in some sort of twisted way.

I slowly turned to Sebastian, finally acknowledging his overly perfect butler outfit.

"Sebastian Michaelis. Butler," I muttered, unbelievably. He frowned, but nodded as I stood up, glancing between the two.

"Is this some super cosplay thing?" I exclaim. "'Cause as far as I know, there's no Ciel Phantomhive, Sebastian Michaelis, _or _1800s London infested with supernatural creatures."

Ciel's eyes narrowed. "Supernatural?"

Oops. I started to take a step backward, but I felt a strong hand clamp down on my shoulder with inhuman speed.

"You won't be needing to go anywhere, my lady. We're staying right here." Sebastian said those last words with so much demonic power it made me wince.

"Oh, right. Demonic abilities and powers and all. Psh." Double oops.

Ciel's eye(s) narrowed as he studied me. "Demonic?" he says, looking a little amused.

"Yeah, you butler being a demon and all that." I should have really shut up then, right? Scratch that, I should've before. Well, it was too late, seeing Sebastian's magenta eyes in front of me with a smile of a prey. Oh shit.

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><p>Yay! I was really hoping to finish one of these type stories, so I'm really happy that this worked out.

Drop a review on what you think! :)

-Bookaholicgurl

End
file.